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## On One Condition

by [Falco276](#)

### Summary

Zexion's peace and quiet is disturbed when Demyx asks the schemer some questions that Axel had given to prove his intelligence. Surprisingly, Zexion answers the questions willingly, but only to get him out of some trouble that he brought onto himself. Originally written by Crimson Oblivion from fanfiction.net. Used permission to post her story here.

*This is just a little something I had to put together which involves my three out of five favorite Nobody's.*

*Enjoy! :)*

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"Hey Zexy! Zexy!" Demyx called out from the hallway as he was running into the Living Room That Never Was.

The Cloaked Schemer sighed while turning a page in his Lexicon. So much for peace and quiet.

"What is it Demyx?" Zexion inquired while not even bothering to look up from his book.

The Melodious Nocturne stood in front of the schemer while breathing heavily from the run. "I need you to answer some questions." He stated while pushing his bangs out of his eyes.

Zexion didn't bother replying and continued reading.

"Hello? Earth to Zexion! Are you gonna answer them?" Demyx asked while waving a hand in front of the slate haired Nobody's face.

With a slight groan Zexion closed his Lexicon and set it in his lap and glared at Demyx with his visible eye. "Just ask your questions." He replied simply.

"Alright," The Melodious Nocturne stated while placing both hands on his hips. "How can you lift an

elephant with one hand? " He asked while leaning his head forward.

Zexion raised an eyebrow. What kind of question was this? "Why are you wasting my time with absurd questions such as that?" He inquired as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"Axel's trying to prove my intelligence level or something and I need to answer some questions to prove I'm smarter than him. Just answer them and I'll leave you alone for a month." Demyx explained quietly after looking around cautiously for any signs of a red haired Nobody.

The Cloaked Schemers blue eyes wandered in thought. "Demyx," He said. "Just answer them honestly. Lying is going to get you absolutely no where. The truth will be revealed in the long run and-" He suddenly paused in the middle of his sentence and stayed silent for a few moments. "Can you repeat the first question?" He asked.

Demyx's eyes grew wide. Zexion wasn't normally this easy to convince. Something was up.

"OK so," The mullet haired man started. "How can you lift and elephant with one hand?" He asked again while reaching into his cloak pocket and pulling out a pad of paper and a pen.

"It's not a problem." Said Zexion simply while gesturing a hand towards Demyx. "Since you will never find an elephant with one hand."

The Melodious Nocturne nodded his head while writing down everything Zexion had spoken.

"If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it? " Demyx asked.

"No time at all actually since it has already been built." The schemer replied simply.

The questions kept coming nonstop for about a half an hour until Demyx had come to the final question that he had written down on his pad of paper.

"If a doctor gives you 3 pills," Said Demyx. "And tells you to take one pill every half hour, how long would it take before all the pills had been taken? "

Zexion's eyes wandered in thought and brought his hand up to his chin in a thinking pose. "Now Demyx, I think that it's only fair that you throw in the consideration that I gave you all the answers." He stated.

"And that means?" The Melodious Nocturne inquired in complete confusion.

With a sigh the schemer pressed his finger tips to his forehead. He had forgotten that he needed to use small words around Demyx.

"What I'm saying is, is that I am willingly giving you all the answers. Surely, I must get *something* in return." He replied slyly.

"Oh, like a reward?" The Melodious Nocturne inquired excitedly.

"Yes." Said Zexion with a slight nod. "I will reply to your last question on one condition. You have to-"

Suddenly, a blonde haired woman entered the room whose hair was slicked back and two long strands were formed into antennas. She stood behind the schemer with her hands on her hips while her bottom lip stuck out. "Zexion," She spoke through gritted teeth. Demyx gulped in fear and Zexion didn't bother to turn around.

"Yes, Larxene?" He inquired.

"Why did you-" She started, but was cut off by the schemer hushing her.

"If you would excuse me, Larxene, I need to have a word with Demyx." Zexion then stood up from the couch and walked a few steps away, followed by number nine. "Demyx," He started in a whisper. "I need you to enter my room, open the drawer of my nightstand and retrieve a pink book and hand it to Larxene."

"No problem!" The mullet haired man exclaimed. He then dashed out of the room and down the hall.

"And what was that all about?" She inquired while gesturing a hand towards the slate haired Nobody who had a faint smirk on his face.

"Nothing that concerns you, Larxene." He replied quietly in a breathy tone while turning around and having his back face her.

She began walking towards him with her kunai summoned between each of her fingers. "If you don't confess, I will tear your throat open and leave you suffering in the waters of Neverland and leave you there to drown."

Zexion remained calm. He always devised a plan to keep him from getting into troublesome things like this. And he was assured that his plan would work on time. "Honestly Larxene, I didn't steal your diary." He muttered loud enough for her to hear.

Quick footsteps were heard and Demyx came running from the hallway with a bright pink book in his hands. "Here you go Larxene!" He exclaimed.

She spun around and gasped as her weapons disappeared. "You!" She bellowed while retrieving it and glaring daggers into his eyes. Zexion slowly turned around and his faint smirk grew into a half smile. "HOW DARE YOU STEAL MY DIARY!" She yelled.

Demyx swallowed hard. Her diary? What was going on?

Her kunai reappeared in her hands and she was now running towards him. A high pitched scream sounded from the mullet haired mans mouth and dashed back through the hallway with her closely tailing behind.

"Nice working with you, Demyx." The schemer spoke under his breath as he sat back on the sofa and began reading his Lexicon again.

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*I hope you enjoyed it! Don't forget to review :)*

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